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Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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EVERY thrift stamp is a nail in the Kaiser's shoe to prevent him from getting to Paris.

No, dearie, courtship no more resembles marriage than the original manuscript of a musical comedy resembles the final production.

This is the time of year when a chary bachelor crosses his fingers and says "bread and butter" three times before venturing alone and unprotected in the moonlight with a pretty girl.

Between the fear of marrying "a woman with a soul," the horror of marrying "a woman with a mission" and the dread of marrying "a woman with a temperament," many a man concludes that bachelorhood is the better part of valor.

The difference between a husband's opinion of his wife's beauty and another man's opinion is merely that the former looks at her over the top of a coffee cup at breakfast and the latter through the bottom of a liqueur glass after dinner.

Choosing between two women is almost as difficult for a man as choosing between two vices; he is always possessed with a foolish desire to hang on to both of them.

Girls no longer take such awful chances when they marry. Why should they, when they get so many good ones nowadays?

If you can't plant a war garden, at least you can refrain from sowing wild oats to offset other people's gardens these busy days.

A prude is a modest little thing who is always looking for something to blush at.

What the Symbols Mean In Your Oriental Rug

WHEN the whistles blew this morning and the machinery began to hum in America's great carpet factories, each of the thousands of workers may have thought he was setting about a dull and prosaic task. On the contrary, he was following an ancient and honorable craft, for weaving is almost as old as the race; its invention came before history began. Rugs were made thousands of years ago and were highly prized. The ancient Hebrews may have been the first to use the loom, for, according to legend, Naamah, daughter of Tubal Cain, discovered the process of weaving threads into cloth.

Mythology tells of beautiful maidens weaving exquisite patterns for the gods; Jason set sail on the Argo in search of the Golden Fleece, while Helen of Troy wove the tale of her people's wars into the woof of her web. Virgil tells of rugs laid under the thrones of kings; Pliny writes of their great value. Delilah wove the hair of Samson with her web, and Cleopatra enveloped herself in a superb rug to heighten her beauty in the eyes of Caesar and Antony.

In all ages fine rugs have been used on religious and ceremonial occasions. Oriental peoples have always been devoted to symbols and naturally wove them into their fabrics. Many of their ancient figures are retained in modern rug designs, some of which are said to tell a complete story. These are some of the symbols and their meanings: Asp, intelligence; bee, immortality; crescent, celestial virgin; crocodile, deity; dove, love; eagle, creation; egg, life; lion and hawk, power; sword, force; bird, spirit; owl, wisdom, and pig, kindness.

The art of weaving is said to have reached perfection about the sixteenth century, but the modern school of designing has set a high standard of artistic excellence for American machine-made rugs. These have replaced the home-made rag rugs of a quarter of a century ago. The finest wool goes into carpets, most of it coming from Northern Russia, Siberia and China. When the bale of wool reaches the factory, it is washed, dried and sorted, after which it passes through a picking machine, which blends the different grades, selecting the strands as to fibre and color. Through tubes, the wool is forced to the carding room, being weighed as it passes through the cards to secure evenness in the yarn.

The big spools of yarn proceed to the combing machine, which separates long from short fibres. The thick strands of wool next appear on rows of spindles in the mule-room, 600 feet long, where it is twisted into yarn, ready for the dye-house. Here the atmosphere is filled with steam from the many vats of boiling dye. The yarn receives its intended color, or is bleached in an adjoining department, and then is transferred on poles to the drying room after passing through a steaming process which sets the color.

The next stage brings it to the weaving shop, where, after the colors have been matched, the yarn is wound on spools, which are put in sets back of the loom, each color or set representing one "frame" of color in the rug. By the famous Jacquard motion of cards, each color wanted in the surface of the rug is pulled up into its proper place, the other frame color lying in the back of the rug. As the pattern swiftly grows before the eyes the onlooker is struck with the mechanical wonder of the apparatus.

As it comes from the loom the rug presents a rough appearance, but is given a smooth surface by a machine resembling a lawn mower. Afterward the ends are finished and it is ready for the market. The pattern of tapestry carpet is obtained by printing the colors to appear in the design on the yarn which is to form the face before the weaving is started. Carpet manufacturing is a great industry, one American factory alone producing 10,000,000 yards of carpet, of twenty-five different grades, each year, more than enough to lay a strip across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and another from the Canadian border to the Gulf.

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AND FATHER PAYS THE BILLS.

"HOW is Robert getting on at college?" asked the Minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred.

That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said:

"Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by college bred?"

"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four-year loaf."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rubbing It In

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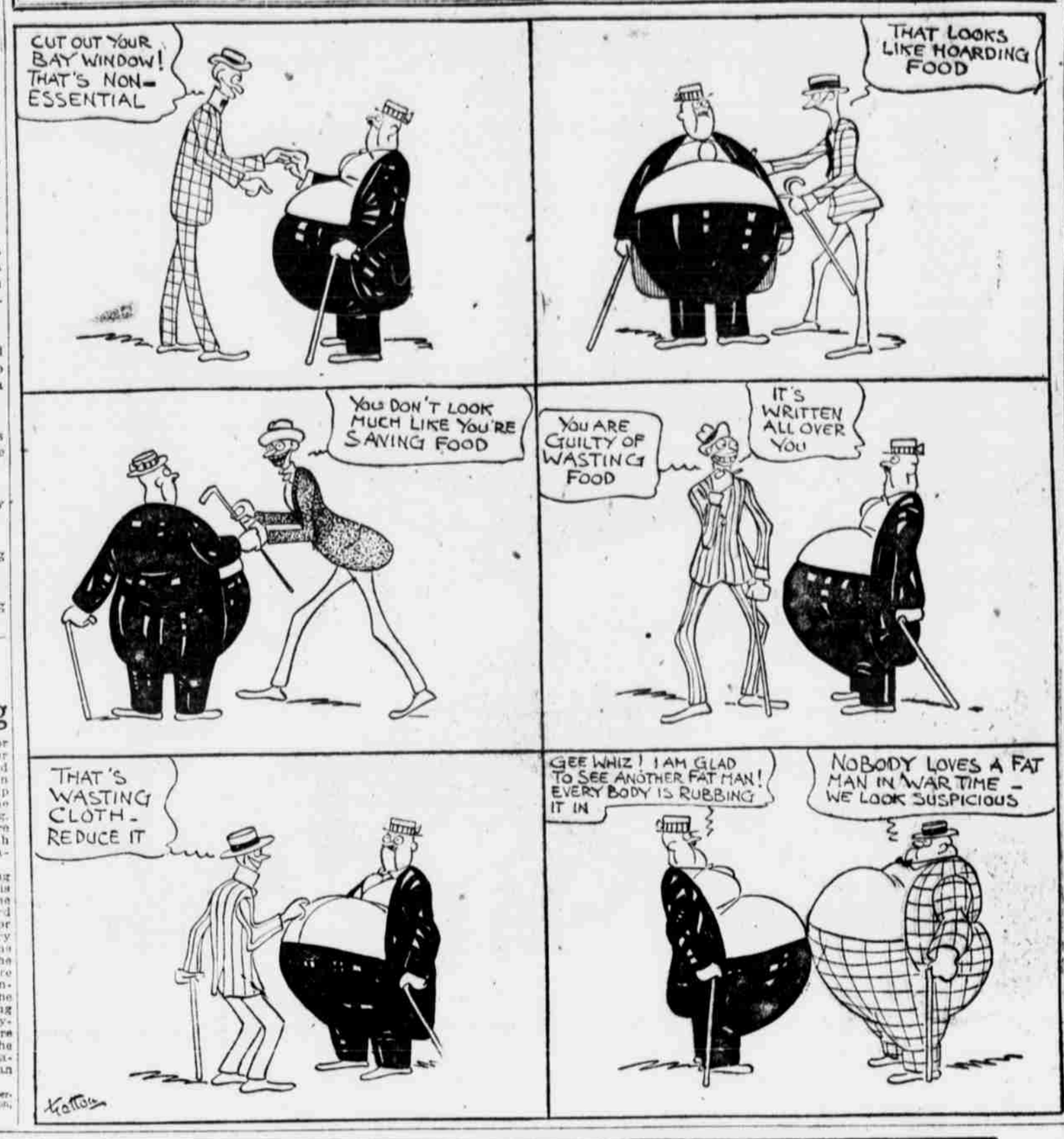
By Maurice Ketten



Original Fashion Designs For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick

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Attractive Summer Frock of New Design

WHEN gingham entered polite society last year for women's frocks it had not the faintest anticipation of being so graciously received. But not only one season's popularity was its lot, for this year it appeared as attractive as ever and is repeating its last year's success over again. And to make sure of it, this capricious fabric, not taking any chances with a public which is known to be fickle, offers as a pretty relief from the well known checks, bold and effective plaids that are now considered the newest and smartest of all. Sometimes only one color is combined with white, but frequently there are two, and sometimes three or four in the Scotch designs. These plaids make distinctive frocks when properly combined with a plain fabric.

My design to-day shows an unusual arrangement, the plaid used only as band trimmings on the waist. On the skirt it forms a long, full tunic. Dull blue and corn yellow are two pretty colors that have been seen together in one of the new plaids, and for this design would look well in combination with plain dull blue gingham. The bodice is severely plain of cut, with no visible opening except on each side, where groups of three buttons fasten its elongated waistline. Above them on the left side the fastening is continued invisibly under the plaid band. These bands, besides serving as an effective introduction for the plaid material, lend a graceful outline to the bodice. Bands of like width, but of the plain material, return the compliment to the plaid tunic by edging it all around.

Although this frock was designed for gingham there are other suitable fabrics such as cotton crepe or voile that would interpret it satisfactorily.

UNUSUAL COMBINATION OF PLAID AND PLAIN GINGHAM.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

Would like to make a percale dress like inclosed sample, brown with a tan figure. Would like a suggestion for a pretty, simple style which I could copy. Am twenty-eight years old, have 34-inch bust, 36-inch hips; am five feet three inches tall and weight 107 pounds.

N. E. H.

Tan chambray collar, cuffs and belt; also lining to panel front.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

Will you please design me a becoming dress as I am not a good figure. Have a short waist and full bust, also large hips. Am thirty-eight years of age, have light brown hair, gray eyes, good color, fair skin. What material and color would you suggest for a dress which I shall wear mornings at a summer hotel?

MRS. J. W.

A coarse, heavy linen in gray or dove blue would be pretty, combined as shown in sketch with white batiste. Make the belt loose enough to drop slightly below normal.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

I have 3½ yards of pearl gray satin. How would you suggest making? — something simple yet distinctive. Am 20 years of age, but look older on account of my figure, which is a 36 size. Am 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, have black hair, blue eyes, medium skin, with some color.

MISS C. H.

This simple design would be attractive with self color Georgette crepe combined at base of bodice, top of sleeves, and yoke of skirt. Bands of either white china or cut steel embroidered in straight bands.

HOT WATER TO ORDER.

An attachment has been invented for bath room spigots which can be connected to an electric light socket to heat water in small quantities as it is drawn.

THE FIGHTING FOOL.

BY DANE COOLIDGE.

How Words First Spoken in Jest Lead to a Bold Stroke For Sudden Riches

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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O. Bar Hopkins, Texas cowboy, takes exception when the town of Hackamore elects a Mexican Town Marshal, and makes a hostile demonstration. Leading citizens hire Lum Martin and his lieutenant, Sycamore Brown, to maintain order if the Mexican Marshal cannot. This results in the killing of Hopkins and another man by Martin. A feud follows, and Martin enlists the services of one Jack Haines to trail with the opposition and keep him informed. Then Haines is a train-robber out of a job. Gradually Martin asserts himself and there is peace in Hackamore.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

ONE evening Lum Martin invited Sycamore to come to his house to sit in on the usual game. In the perilous days when the G Bar boys were on his trail Martin had moved to a lone adobe house far out on the alkali flat, and there he had continued to abide when the danger of ambush was past. It was a square structure, built solidly of twelve inch mud bricks. There were no windows to invite the treacherous, and Lum tended the door himself.

Now that the secret of his name was out Jack told of nothing but hold ups and robberies, of flights and pursuits and wild orgies in towns where his identity was not known—all this to two deputy sheriffs, both sworn to enforce the law.

How it came about Sycamore Brown, never rightly knew, but one night as they sat by the dim light Lum Martin began to talk about express shipments.

"There's a big shipment of gold goes through here every Friday," he said, "packs of specie from the Denver mint. Sometimes when I was messenger the through safe wouldn't hold it all and they'd put part of it in the local. You was a fool, Jack, to be robbing them little Jim Crow trains in Texas—No. 9 carries more gold and bills than Sam Bass ever dreamed of."

There was silence for a moment and then Jack Haines spoke up sharply.

"Well, what's the matter if we hold it up, then?" Lum made some laughing rejoinder, but the next night they brought it up again.

"Where would you hold up old No. 9, Jack?" enquired Lum Martin casually, as Jack Haines reverted to the gold shipment. "This here is a mighty open country—I bet I could trail you up and bring you back in a blanket."

"You might trail me," retorted Haines with spirit, "but you'd never bring me back—blanket or no blanket. I'd be across the line and into Mexico before you could see my dust."

"Sure," returned Lum grimly, "but how would you get the gold? Where would you hold her up at?"

The outlaw sat studying a minute and then he laughed.

"You're tryin' to cap me into tellin' you my plans," he said, "so when I do the job and make my git-away you can ketch me and make a rep.!"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Lum Martin, "my services as an officer don't seem to be much appreciated in these parts—I might throw in with you."

"Well, you wouldn't lose nothin' by it," answered Haines, still speaking in the half-bantering tone they had maintained from the start, "how would you like to come in with us, Syc, and see a little high life?"

"It'd suit me all right," grinned Sycamore, convinced at last that they were joking, "only I ain't got nerve enough."

"Whoo! Listen to the boy!" exclaimed Haines with an unction well calculated to flatter his pride. "He's the finest kid in the country—I bet he'd go further than Lum!"

"Oh, he's got nerve enough," agreed Martin. "That ain't what's worryin' him it's how to spend all the money!"

The joke went no further that night, but in the days that followed Jack Haines took Sycamore under his wing and prepared his mind for great things. Then on another night as they sat around the dim and mysterious lamp and took drinks by turns from a quart bottle they came back to the subject again.

"That Mike McMonagle makes me tired!" declared Haines with bitter emphasis. "Him and the whole bunch of those yahoos up there—talkin' about layin' us off because they's nothin' goin' on! I'd jest like to go out some night and start something and then pursue the perpetrators—we'd have 'em sittin' up around their holes like prairie dogs, eh, Lum? What's the matter with holdin' up old Number Nine some night and give 'em something to talk about?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," volunteered Sycamore with enthusiasm. "I'll come into town like a drunk cowboy some night and shoot out all the lights. Then you and Lum can chase me and we'll have a drink together."

"We can do that as it is," suggested Haines, passing him the bottle, "but what's the matter with makin' something out of it? We're the only officers this side of Gun Sight, and that's more'n forty miles across country. Gimme a chance at that express car when they open her up at Mohawk Junction and I'll clean her in half an hour and be back here again before daylight. Then we can organize a posse and lead them off to the mountains and when the excitement is over we can go back and dig up the gold.

"No, by Joe, I mean it! Didn't I tell you I was a hold-up? Well, let's scare these yahoos up and git some of that express company gold!"

"Count me in," responded Sycamore, swaying bravely in his drunken valor, "I never laid down on a job yet!"

And so, without further reference to the moralities of the case or the penalties that follow such crimes, Sycamore Brown shook hands with them both, the ex-train-robber and the recreant Town Marshal, and swore to stay with them till hades froze over and the devil learned how to skate.

CHAPTER V.

CONSIDERED in the light of later events it is very probable that Sycamore Brown never gave the moral aspect of his defection a second thought.

In their assault upon Number Nine—a scheme which they had cherished for months—Lum, Martin and Jack Haines needed a boy to do the dirty work and take the unnecessary chances and Sycamore filled the part to perfection.

First of all they would need some dynamite—for the through safe was locked except at junctions—and the messenger might not open the car. So Sycamore was sent to the mountains, where the gold excitement is still on, and by skirmishing around in the night time he got the powder, a stick at a time, from different shafts, so that it would never be missed. Next he was sent out for canvas—to make bags to hold the plunder—but in this his search was vain.

"The thing to do," said Lum, "is for me to ride that train through on Friday and see how they handle the stuff. Then I can buy the canvas for you in Los Angeles and bring it back in *my* grip."

Haines pondered upon the project, and he could not deny that it was good. He could not deny it, and yet it pained him to admit it. So far he had been the leader, but for once Lum had showed up the best.

In the end Lum went to Los Angeles, and he brought back Jack's canvas in his grip. As they worked over the bags in the 'dobe that night Jack Haines returned again to his plan, but when he had finished and was silent Lum came out against him once more, and this time with sinister intent.

"You got a good scheme, Jack," he said again, "but they's one place where you're wrong—Mohawk Junction is too big a town. Sand Tanks is better. There's nobody there but the operator and it's eleven miles from home."

"But the through safe is closed!" objected Jack Haines.

"Shoot it open," said Lum.

"It's too close to home!" protested Haines petulantly.

"Nope," responded Martin, "that's the best part of it!"

"Say, lookee here!" cried the ex-train robber, rising up suddenly in a rage, "who's doin' this, anyhow?"

"Well—I am!" answered the marshal, with brutal directness, "that is, if I do it at all. It's all right for you to go ahead and take God chances—you're nothin' but a train-robber on the dodge nohow, and likely to get took up any time. But I'm a town marshal, I want you to know, and deputy sheriff to boot and I've got something to lose."

For a moment the man who had been so defiant and self-sufficient stood gaping at him, all his plans fallen to the ground, and in that moment he realized that he needed Lum Martin far more than Lum Martin needed him. More than that, he saw himself conquered, outmastered by the nerve of the man, and as the realization of his position swept over him he weakened and lowered his head. "You're right," he said.

The new chief glanced from one to the other, and then he laid forth his plan.

"Number Nine stops at Sand Tanks for water," he said, "and that's our first station west, across the lakes. Now I want you boys to pull off yore horse's shoes and ride over there bareback—and when you've robbed the train I want you to come back across the dry lake-bed and give me the treasure and then turn them horses loose. I'll hide the boodle while you're walkin' into town—and right there you prove yore alibi. Them flats is covered with wild mustang tracks and no one can foller yore trail—yore horses is turned loose and they's no way to prove where you've been. Then I summon you for my posse and we ride back along with the rest. What's the matter with that?"

He gazed about him triumphantly and Sycamore Brown leaped to his feet.

"Lum," he cried, "you got a head like a tack! It's a cinch, Jack; we can't lose nohow. Come on, let's finish up them sacks."

They returned to their sewing with renewed vigor, but Jack Haines was strangely silent. Though he said nothing, he discovered the joker already—they were both working for Lum. Who was it that was to rob the train? Who took the big chances on getting shot? And once again—who was it that took the treasure while they walked back to town! But a single glance at the stern face, the tight, thin lips and the dominating eye, told him that it would do him no good to object.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a beautiful evening in September when Sycamore set forth to be a hold-up. Just after dark he went out to the gate of the pasture where Round Valley was kept, and whistled. He mounted eagerly, riding bareback as gracefully as an Indian, with his knees clamped close to the ribs. At the adobe house he joined his partner—they exchanged the last words with Lum, slung sacks on their horses for saddles and then drifted out into the night. The train was not due till 11.30 and they had time for their ride and to spare.

Sycamore had volunteered to hold up the express car while Haines brought back the engine crew. Of course there were more chances of getting into trouble on the express car—for they carried an extra shotgun messenger on Fridays, and he was hired and instructed to shoot—but rather than be compelled to blow the car open later Sycamore had undertaken to get the drop on the messenger and make him come out of his hole.

They rode along together, mutually despising and mistrusting each other, until they had gone a full mile past Sand Tanks and come to the place that they sought. Here they tied their horses to a mesquite tree a hundred yards or more from the track, and, talking with them the giant powder and money bags, went over to view the scene. The country is all alike around Sand Tanks, a low, level sand flat, studded evenly with salt bushes and scrubby trees; but at this point there stood a white mile post and a pile of railroad ties that would help them know it at night. Beneath the ties they concealed the bags and dynamite, and a canteen of water to mix mud to confine the powder, and after a long look at their identification marks they set out slowly down the track.

The station at Sand Tanks is small and lonely—nothing but a double-roofed house, the tank and a disused cattle pen. Not even a passing hobo wandered by to break the long monotony of their wait. Number Nine was late, as usual, and when her headlight finally pierced the eastern gloom both Haines and Sycamore were glad of it, if it meant they were both going to get shot. Up the track they came now, from their hiding place by the shipping pens, and Haines stepped behind the water tank to surprise the engineer, while Sycamore crept up to the station to lie in wait for the express car.

Sycamore crouched in the shadow of the building, a dark silk handkerchief drawn tight over the bridge of his nose for a mask, and as the train pulled in he loosened a pistol at his belt and breathed hard for courage. He was stripped to his shirt and trousers—two pairs, after the custom of all cowboys—and in the belt of these he had two pistols, held in place by the ejector flange, one ready for each hand. On his head he had a Texas sombrero, pulled far down over his eyes to conceal his face, and on his heels Texas spurs, to hurry him over the plains.

And now the agent ran out and set the light. Then he hurried back inside—and the great train rumbled in. A lantern dropped down to the ground as the conductor got off for his running orders. The air brakes were thrown on explosively—the train stopped—and with a wary eye on the conductor's back Sycamore slipped out and stepped up close to the train. He looked up ahead and saw Jack Haines swing up on the engine—then, as he waited below it the broad door of the express car rolled open and the messenger stuck out his head. He was smoking, very peacefully, and his eyes opened up wide as he stared out into the night.

Rising up slowly out of the gloom Sycamore whipped out his heavy pistol and pointed it full at his chest.

"Jump down out of there," he ordered quietly, "and be quick about it or I'll blow your head off!"

There was no doubt about his intentions, but for a moment the messenger wavered, his thoughts on his sawed-off shotgun. It pained the man to do it, but he had to jump or die.

"Now call yore pardner out," continued Sycamore, "and call him so he'll come or I'll shoot a hole in you!" He stepped behind the shotgun man as he spoke, still menacing him with his pistol and at the call the express clerk, still wearing his eye-shade, came running to the door. But either he caught the note of trouble or, in looking out, glimpsed Sycamore with his black mask, for the instant he showed himself he leaped back again and ducked down behind a safe.

"Don't you move away from there, you big stiff, he said to the Sycamore messenger. "I'm goin' to kill that feller, if he shoots at me—but if he comes out it'll be all right." There was tense silence for a minute—and then the clerk came out.

"Don't shoot!" he called. "I'll come!"

Meanwhile the train stood still and nobody knew it was being robbed. The conductor had gone inside the station, the passengers were all asleep and the clerk in the mail-car ahead never so much as looked out. So for a few minutes they waited, Sycamore and the shotgun man eyeing each other furtively, and then there was a crunch of gravel from up in front and Jack Haines appeared, driving the engine-driver and fireman before him.

"Keep yore guns on these men," he directed, taking command on the instant, "while I frisk them for the gats!" He searched each of the prisoners in succession and then headed them off to one side.

"Now uncouple that express car," he said, turning to the engine-driver and fireman, "and we'll take a run up the track. And remember now—no monkey business!"

(To Be Continued.)